THE PHANTOM

GIANT GAMES BOOK

GAMES
STORY
PICTURES TO COLOUR

2/6

THE PHANTOM

GIANT GAMES BOOK

A story book with pictures to colour and five games for you to play

WORLD DISTRIBUTORS (MANCHESTER) LIMITED

The GREEN EYE of JUPITER

EVERY land and every generation produces wicked men whose code is violence. Greedy for wealth or for power they satisfy their desires by stealing and killing, exploiting the weak and the unprotected. Theirs is a reign of terror. But, opposing them, there have always been men willing to fight for the causes of liberty and virtue, men who devote their lives to the struggle against cruelty and injustice. Such a man is the Phantom.

The story of the legendary Phantom began four hundred years ago, in a sailing ship on the high seas.

It was a calm night, with no hint of a storm and no cause for alarm. The crew slept peacefully and even the lookout dozed at his post, so that nobody noticed the little boat that drew alongside under cover of darkness, nor the stealthy figures who climbed up the side of the ship, hand over hand, and then dropped, just as silently, onto the deck.

But soon the still night was rent by cries of pain and fear as the pirates attacked the sleeping crew. They had no chance to fight or even defend themselves: death caught them before they could even reach for their weapons.

Only one man escaped. As the one-sided battle neared its inevitable end a tall, powerfully-built man jumped from the ship into the water. He swam hard and fast, the memory of the terrible scene he had just witnessed renewing his strength when his aching arms would have let him drown. He had no recollection of time. He only knew an unquenchable desire to survive and an overwhelming relief when – just as it seemed he could endure no more – a powerful current carried him along to let him rest at last on a remote beach.

Far from his homeland, he was penniless and friendless. But he was alive and, sickened by his experience, he determined that he and his descendants would devote their lives to making this land, upon which he had been thrown by the waves, into a place of peace and justice, a fit place for men to live.

Generations passed, until now the sixteenth Phantom continued the work of his ancestors. Tall and muscular, he dressed in the attire his ancestor had adopted and which had been the uniform of each succeeding Phantom: tight-fitting red suit, caped and masked; tights striped in blue and black, and black leather gun belt adorned with the Phantom crest, a silver skull. He had also inherited the muscular physique of his forefathers, so that as he roamed through the jungle the natives saw no change in him; they only knew that such a one had inhabited their land for hundreds of years. They believed he was immortal and they called him "The Ghost Who Walks".

But ghosts are lonely people and the sixteenth Phantom was very pleased one morning to encounter a party of antropologists who had set up camp in a jungle clearing.

As he stood looking down on the sleeping group he was unaware of the frightening figure he presented to the fair-haired girl who was the first to awake.

"Who... what..." Pamela Rattigan shrank back in fear.

"Please, do not be alarmed," said the masked man. "I come as a friend."

The sound of their voices woke the other two members of the party: a stooped, white-haired man and a younger man, darkhaired and swarthy.

"Why, you must be the Phantom," said the younger man. "I have heard legends of the immortal one who is the scourge of evildoers. But I never dreamt he really existed."

"I am sorry to have startled you," said the Phantom, neither denying nor admitting his identity. "It is seldom we have visitors in this part of the jungle."

"We are a working party, sir," answered the elderly man. "But allow me to introduce myself. I am Professor Rattigan, and this is my daughter, Pamela, and my assistant, Jim Reeves."

The tall masked man bowed solemnly. "Perhaps I can be of some assistance to you? At any rate I must warn you of your present danger. The Bandar tribe, on whose land you have chosen to camp, are not a savage people, but they are unused to visitors. Fear may cause them to react hastily to your presence and their weapons of poison arrows are primitive, but deadly. So, to ensure your safety I must warn them of your presence."

"Thank you, but we do not intend to remain here," said Professor Rattigan. "We are trying to locate a very ancient race of pygmies who are believed to inhabit this jungle. No scientific expedition has ever been able to find them, but still the rumour of their existence persists. Perhaps you have heard of them?"

"Indeed," said the Phantom. "But I doubt whether they would welcome any intrusion. They are a shy people, isolated by situation and inclination from the other tribes."

"We must try," the Professor spoke with a dignified determination that impressed the Phantom. "The study of their habits and way of life is an essential chapter in the history of man's evolution. We *must* try to find them."

"The journey is fraught with danger and even the natives do not know the location of the little people's village," the Phantom commenced.

"But *you* know!" Jim Reeves interrupted. "You can take us to them."

The Phantom hesitated. He did not like this brash young man who presumed so readily on an acquaintance.

"It is a lot to ask of you," the Professor's tone was apologetic. "But you would be performing a genuine service to mankind if you escorted us there."

"Very well." The masked man smiled at the Professor and his daughter. "I must leave now, but I will return for you at midday."

At his whistle a magnificent white horse pranced into the clearing.

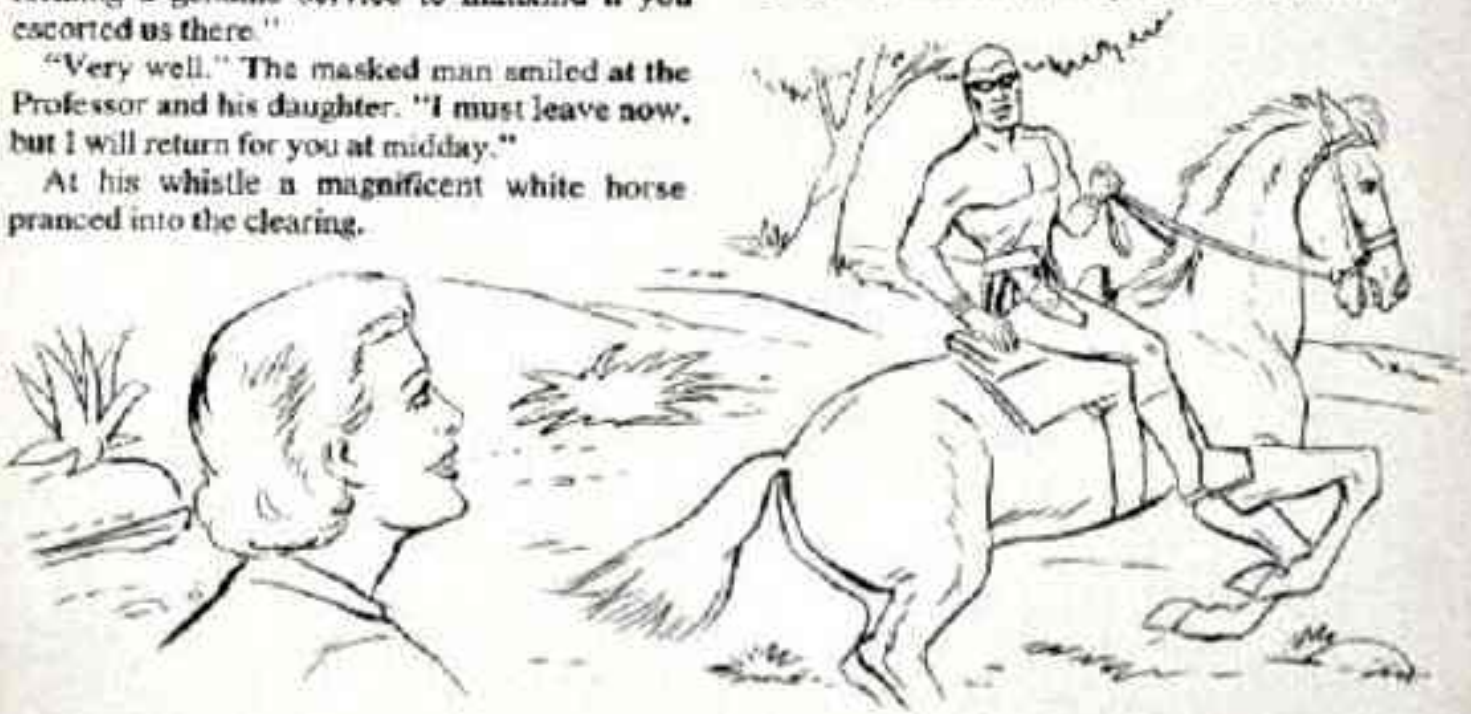
"Good boy, Hero!" The big man patted the horse affectionately as he jumped into the saddle and raised his arm in farewell.

"What a sight!" exclaimed Pamela in admiration as the splendid animal with its erect rider streaked off towards the rising sun.

The journey to the land of the little people took several days on horseback.

Phantom led the way on Hero, with his faithful wolfhound, Devil, racing alongside. The others followed in single file through the treacherous country.

At night they set up camp, building a fire to ward off any night-prowling animals. Each morning the Phantom would himself extinguish the fire and clear up all traces of their presence; he had been well trained in the ways of the jungle by his father, the previous Phantom.



As they sat talking around the campfire in the evenings he became better acquainted with the trio, and soon a genuine friendship sprang up between him and the Rattigans. They were, after all, his kind of people, willing to devote their lives to promoting the good of mankind.

But Reeves puzzled him. Lofty ideals seemed at variance with the character of this man whom he judged to be shiftless and untrustworthy. Somehow he seemed to fit in more to the Phantom's conception of a playboy cum confidence trickster, operating on the fringe of international society, rather than a serious antropologist seeking truth at whatever personal risk.

The Phantom touched on the subject diffidently one night as he and Pamela chatted together after the two men had settled down to sleep.

"Have you known Jim Reeves long?" he asked her.

"As a matter of fact, we'd never even heard of him until a day or so before we set out," Pamela replied. "Apparently he overheard a conversation at the Explorers' Club in Bengali, when two of my father's friends were discussing our plans. The next day he approached my father expressing his enthusiasm for the project and asking to be allowed to come along and help."

"But is he qualified for such work?" the Phantom asked.

"His job, and mine, is merely to record data. The information will then be studied and analysed by my father. As we had not the resources to pay for another helper, his offer to assist without pay was eagerly accepted by my father."

The Phantom did not pursue the matter further, for he did not want to worry the girl or her father. But he was convinced that some ulterior motive lay behind Reeves' action.

He diverted the girl's thoughts by telling her what he knew of the little people. They had once been a war-like race, constantly raiding the other tribes by night, stealing and killing. It was recorded in the four-centuries-old Phantom chronicles how his ancestor had finally managed to subdue them. In the resulting Treaty of the Rattle they had pledged never to bother the big people again in return for the Phantom's guarantee not to reveal their secret hideout. As a sign of their good faith each year, on the ninth moon, one of their messengers came, at the dead of night, to leave a rattle on the fabulous skull throne of their protector.

"So you see why I was reluctant to take you to their village," the Phantom concluded.

"We do appreciate your help and we will never betray your confidence," Pamela promised.

But doubt burned in the Phantom's mind.

The next morning the oddly assorted quartet emerged from the dense greenness of the jungle onto a rocky shore. Straight ahead of them was a shallow river of hot lava.

"There is no way to reach the land of the little people except by crossing this river," Phantom explained. "This is why they have managed to remain isolated over the years. But these huge rocks sticking out of the lava can be used as stepping stones. I myself have made the journey many times, but I must warn you of its dangers."

"Continue on, Phantom," said the Professor firmly. "We will follow you."

Reeves, though pale with fear, also assented. Carrying Pamela, the Phantom picked his way carefully over the rocks, followed more slowly by the two men. His mind was puzzled. Reeves was not a brave man; why then was he risking so much, even his life, to make this trip?

The hazardous crossing completed, the party stood together on the pebbly shore. Even the Professor could not suppress a shudder as they looked back at the bubbling lava into which one false step would have plunged them.

In the silence of delayed shock they followed the Phantom as he walked towards a large rock which resembled a gigantic eagle in full flight. Drawing into the shadow of the rock they were accosted by a tiny man, no higher than the Phantom's knees, who carried a large spear the point of which, the Phantom told them, was impregnated with a sleep-inducing drug.

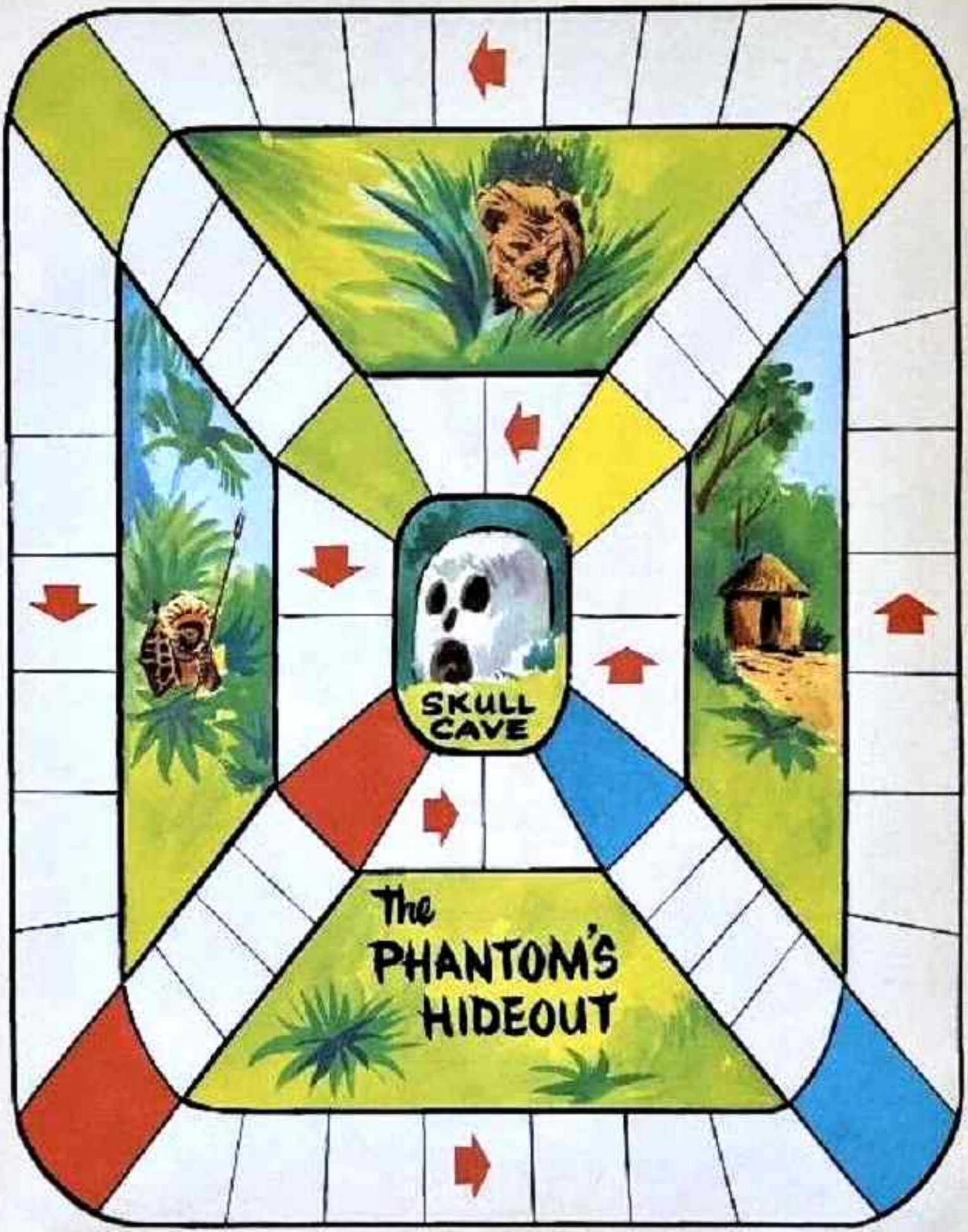
Recognising the Phantom, the little man

THE PHANTOM'S HIDEOUT

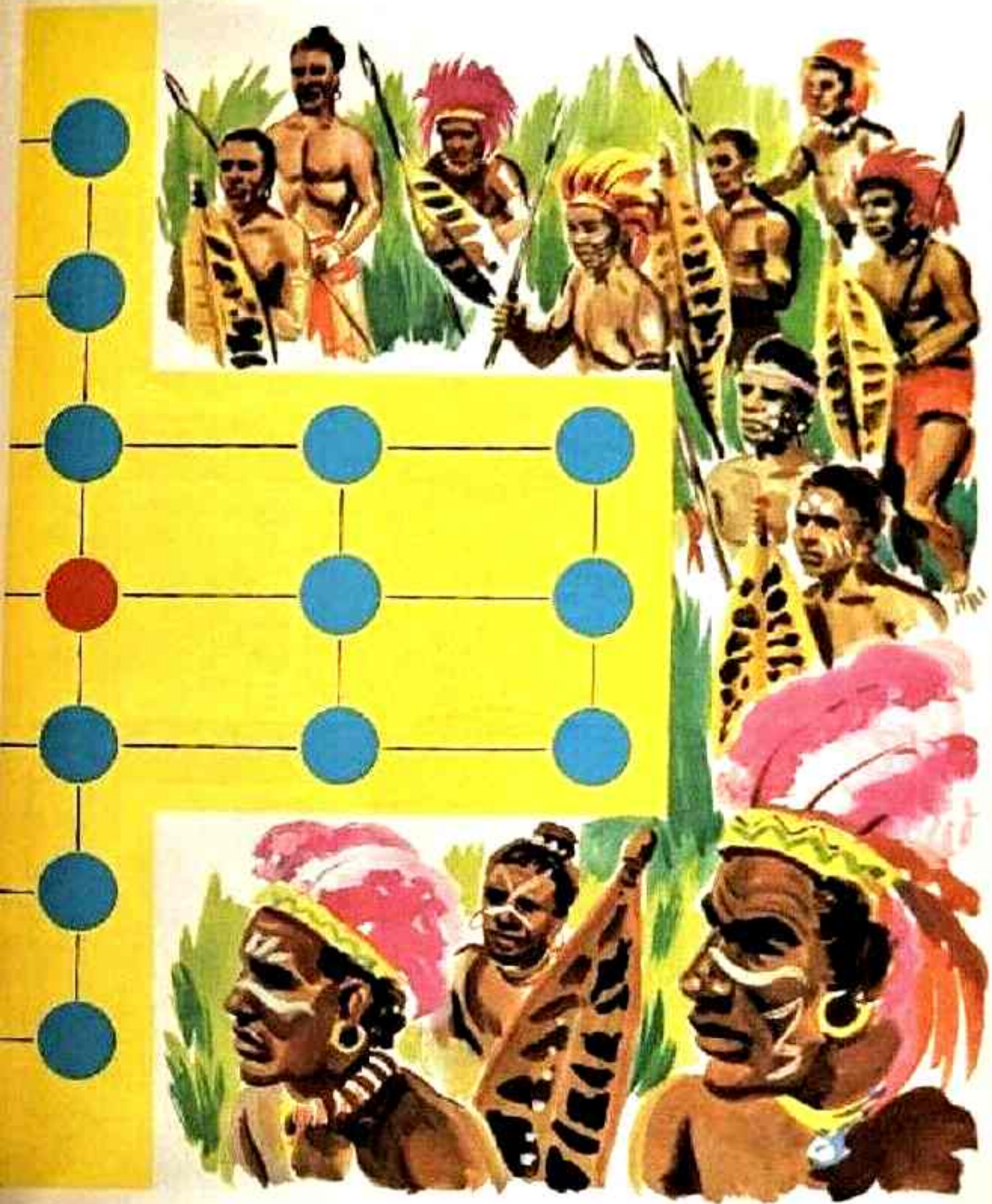
A GAME FOR 2, 3 OR 4 PLAYERS

Each player chooses his colour counter (Phantom, Hunter, etc) and places it on his respective corner colour. Play follows the path indicated round the board. Roll the dice to see who starts and play then proceeds in a clockwise direction.

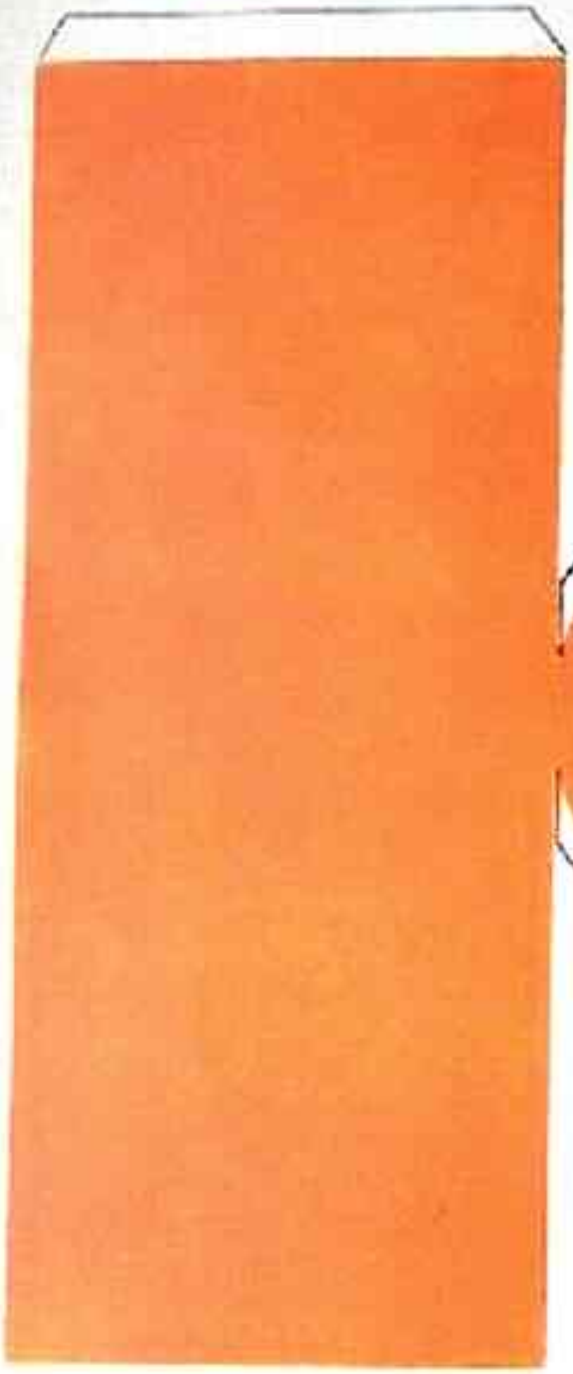
To play, the dice is thrown and the counter moved forward the number of spaces shown. When a player has moved round the board and has returned to his corner he then moves up his path towards SKULL CAVE. To get into SKULL CAVE the exact number must be thrown. If a player throws too high a number he must travel round the cave until he does get the exact number. Two or more counters may stand on the same space but no backward moves may be taken. The winner is the first player to reach the cave.


SKULL CAVE
The PHANTOM'S HIDEOUT

"BEAT THE DEVIL"

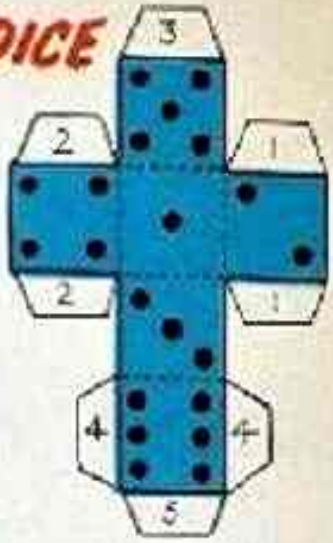


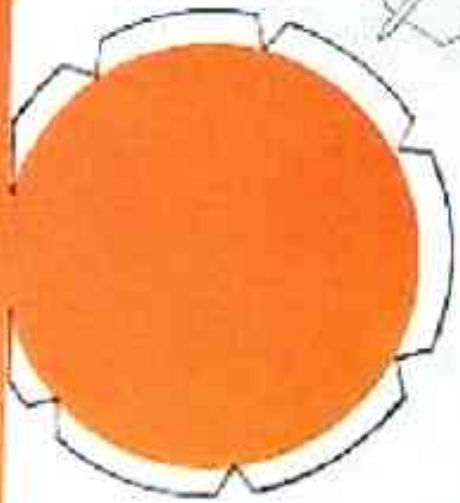
The SHAKER



The SPINNER

The DICE



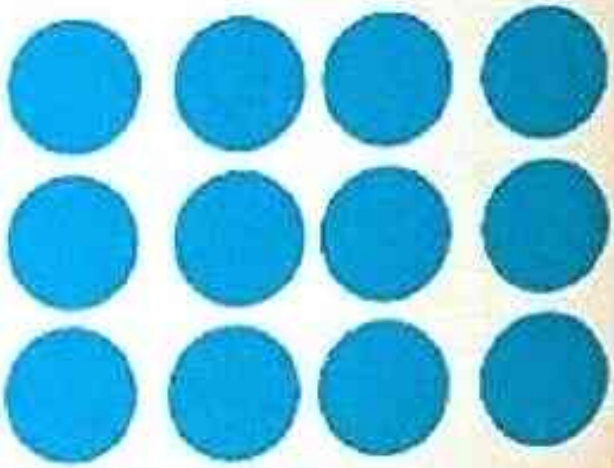


TO MAKE THE DICE

1. Lightly score dotted lines
2. Cut out carefully
3. Glue tabs (1) & (2) and make into an open box. Hold in position with pencil until firmly stuck.
4. Fold inwards, glue tabs (3) & (4) and close the box.

TO MAKE THE SHAKER

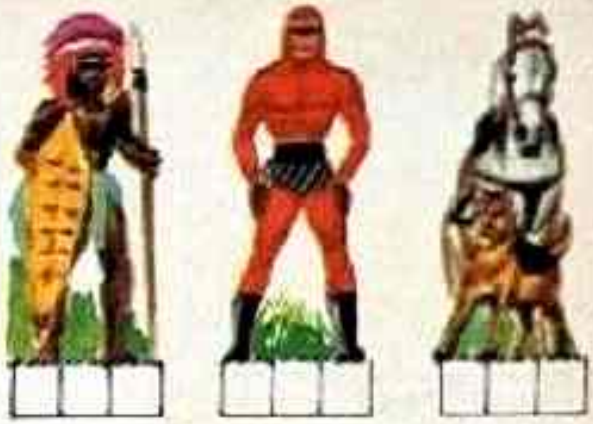
Cut out shaker and score lightly round the circle of base. Fold up base tabs and glue outside edges. Press to sides of cup. Glue tab on right side of cup to left hand side.



Pieces for "HERO IN PERIL" Pieces for "BEAT THE DEVIL"

Pieces for "CANYON HUNT" with SCORECARD

SCORECARD			

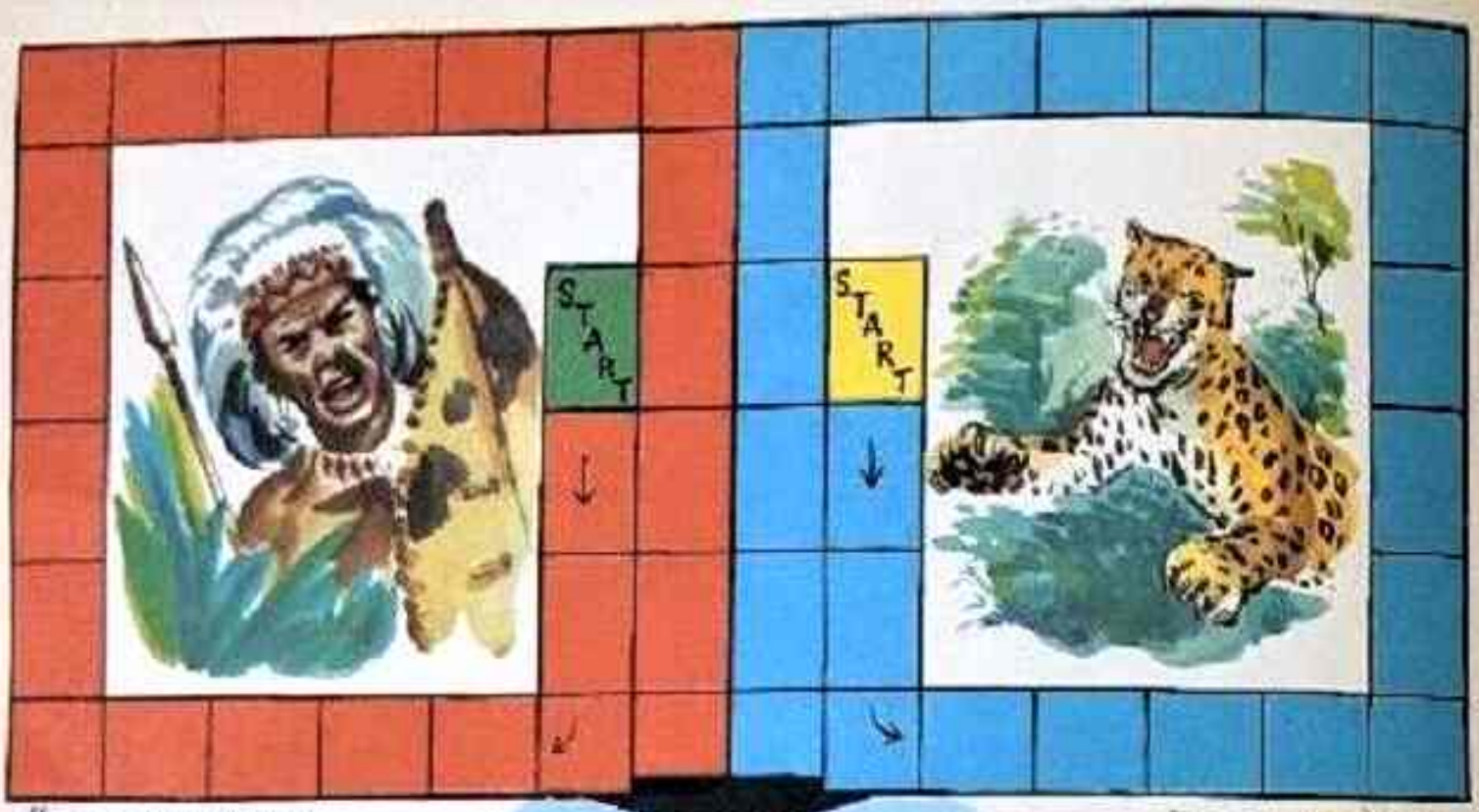


TO MAKE THE SPINNER

Cut out, pierce centre with pin and insert sharpened match or cocktail stick.

Pieces for "BURIED TREASURE"

Pieces for "THE PHANTOM'S HIDEOUT"



"HERO IN PERIL"

HERO IN PERIL

A GAME FOR 2 TO 4 PLAYERS

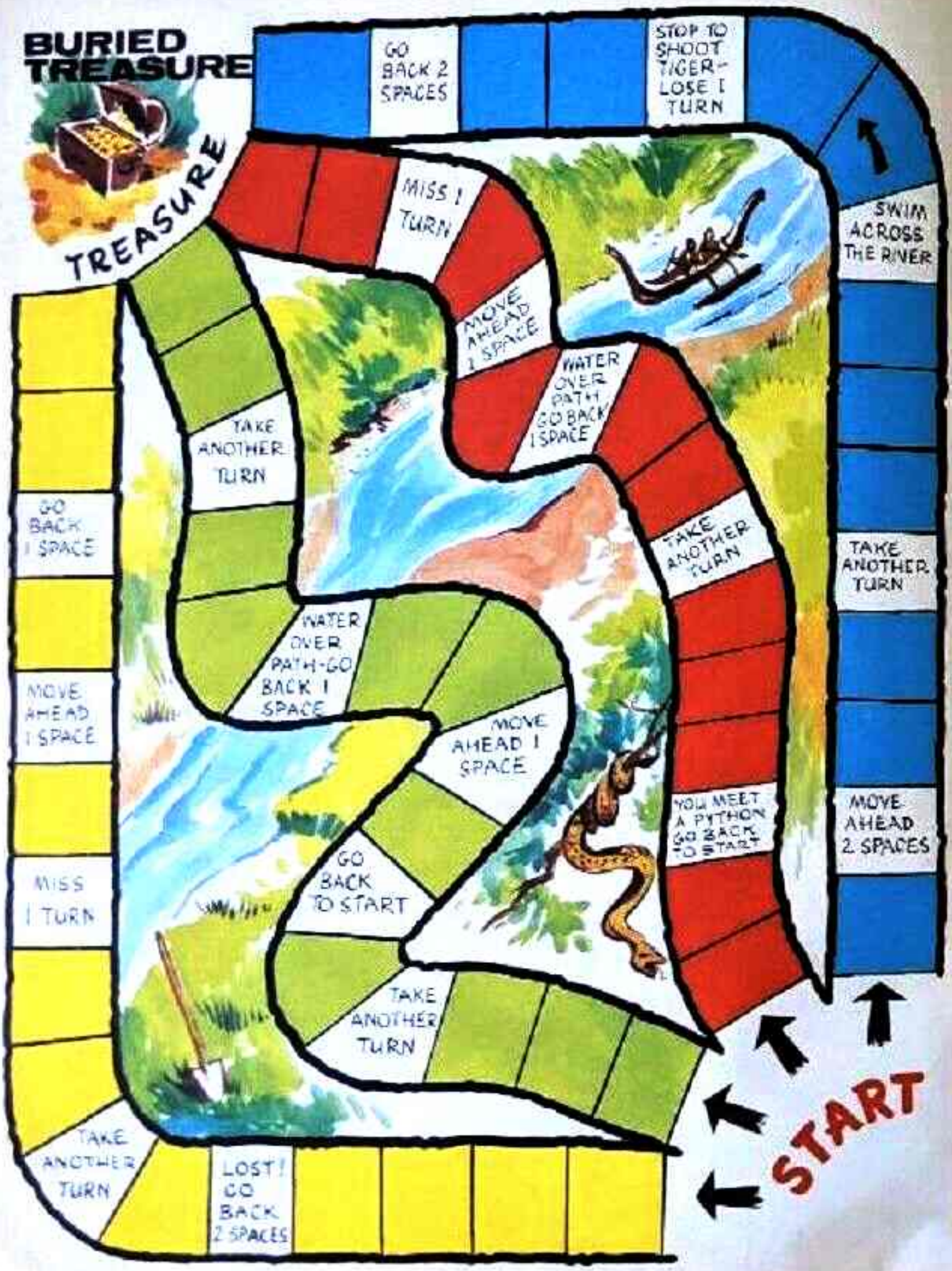
Use counters cut from centre page. Hero is stranded in the river. The natives try to capture him and wild animals are also moving into the attack. But help is on the way in the forms of Phantom and Devil.
A six must be thrown to start and from then you move according to the number thrown. You must move round the board twice before reaching the river and the exact number must be thrown to finish.

The winner – The player to reach Hero first.

BEAT THE DEVIL

A GAME FOR 2 PLAYERS

Use the single red counter and the twelve blue counters from the centre page. The red counter is Devil and the blue counters are the natives. Roll a dice to see who is Devil and who is the natives. Devil moves first from the red centre circle and he can move one place in any direction. The natives start from the blue spots and can move forwards and sideways only. There should never be more than one counter on any one spot. The game is to prevent Devil from breaking through the line of natives who win if they corner Devil so he can't move. Devil can jump over a native and 'take' him, but if he misses a 'take' then the natives can bring back into play one lost native.


BURIED TREASURE
TREASURE
GO BACK 2 SPACES
STOP TO SHOOT TIGER - LOSE 1 TURN
MISS 1 TURN
SWIM ACROSS THE RIVER
MOVE AHEAD 1 SPACE
WATER OVER PATH GO BACK 1 SPACE
TAKE ANOTHER TURN
GO BACK 1 SPACE
TAKE ANOTHER TURN
TAKE ANOTHER TURN
WATER OVER PATH-GO BACK 1 SPACE
MOVE AHEAD 1 SPACE
MOVE AHEAD 1 SPACE
YOU MEET A PYTHON GO BACK TO START
MOVE AHEAD 2 SPACES
MISS 1 TURN
GO BACK TO START
TAKE ANOTHER TURN
TAKE ANOTHER TURN
LOST! GO BACK 2 SPACES
START

BURIED TREASURE

A GAME FOR 2 TO 4 PLAYERS

Cut out the pieces from the centre page and use the dice. Choose which piece and colour you want to use. To start throw a six and then move according to the number shown on dice. Instructions on white squares must be obeyed.
The winner is the first player to reach the buried treasure.

chattered away happily, in a dialect unfamiliar to the Professor, as he led them through a large cave in the rock which opened out into a village of tiny dwellings hewn out of the rock itself.

A gathering of senior citizens considered the Phantom's request that the Professor's party should be allowed to live with them for a few days, studying their customs and way of life. At first they showed obvious aversion to the idea, but in the end their affection for their massive protector won the day.

This settled, the Phantom arranged that the little people should look after the horses and the dog, which they had left at the other side of the river, feeding them and watering them. Crossing the river of lava presented no problem, for they had trained eagles to serve as flying steeds. In this way the little people had surmounted the obstacles of distance, height and water.

"The world owes you a debt of gratitude, Phantom," said the Professor, as they were being escorted round the village. "The history of this diminutive race will prove of even greater value than I had hoped."

Pamela and her father were fascinated by the crude furniture hewn from solid stone which each dwelling contained, and particularly by the examples of rock carving on the walls.

"Incredible!" the Professor exclaimed. "Almost identical with some of the paintings in the Lascaux caves in south west France."

But the Phantom, observant as a hunter, noted that Jim Reeves wandered around impatiently, only showing interest when they arrived at the temple where the little people worshipped their god, whom they called Jupiter, a squatting one-eyed monster in whose

presence the pygmies seemed consumed by fear.

Jim Reeves approached the image to examine it more closely.

"Its eye is a solid emerald," he muttered excitedly, almost unconscious of his companions. "Must be the largest emerald in the world."

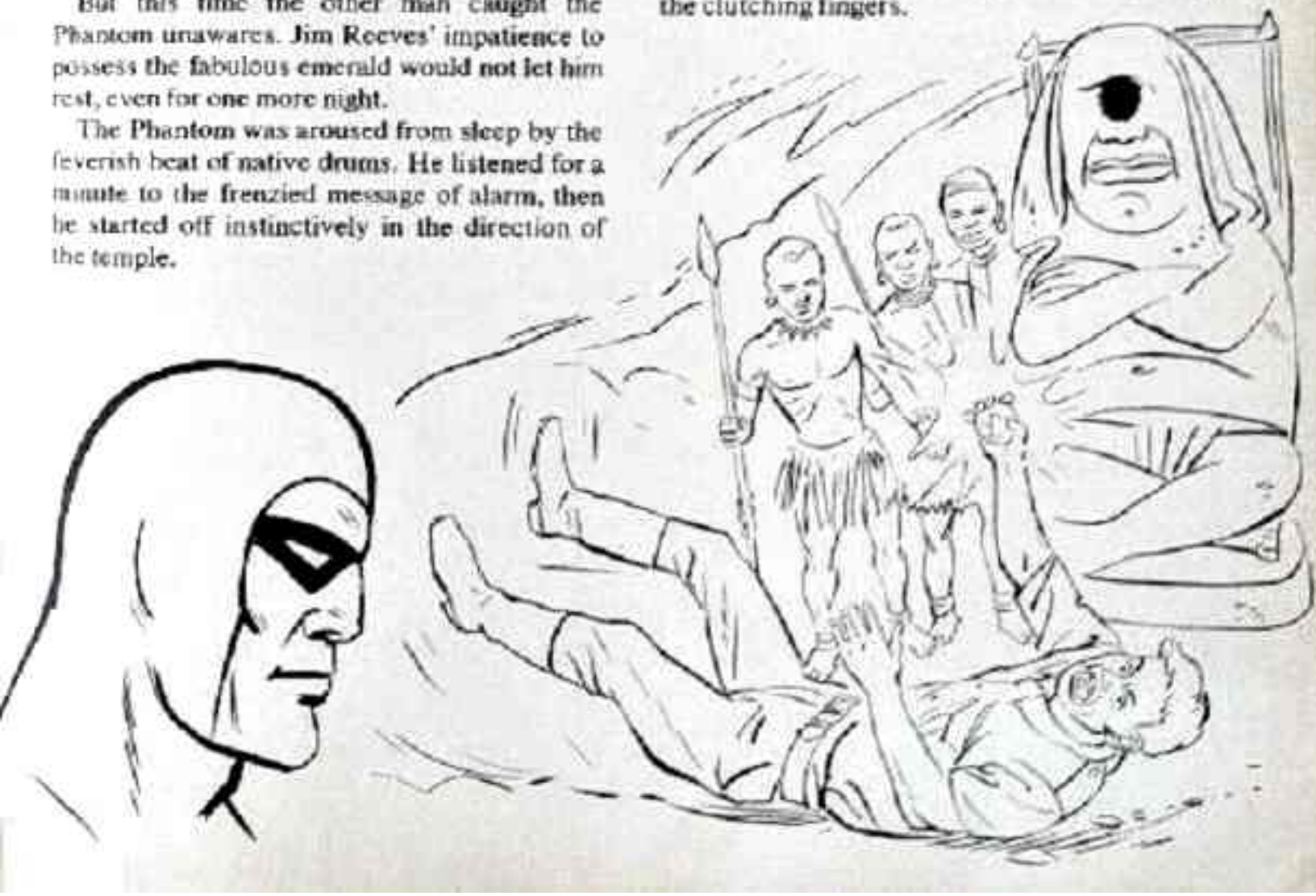
So this was Reeves' motive in coming to the land of the little people, Phantom thought, to steal the famous emerald. His judgment on the man had not been unjust. But, somehow, he must prevent Reeves' plan from succeeding. If he failed, the harmony which his great ancestor had achieved might be destroyed forever. He determined to keep a constant watch on Jim Reeves.

But this time the other man caught the Phantom unawares. Jim Reeves' impatience to possess the fabulous emerald would not let him rest, even for one more night.

The Phantom was aroused from sleep by the feverish beat of native drums. He listened for a minute to the frenzied message of alarm, then he started off instinctively in the direction of the temple.

Many of the little people were there before him, and they huddled in a corner, muttering angrily among themselves. The Phantom's gaze went immediately to their crouching god. As he had feared the great emerald was missing from the face of Jupiter, leaving a gaping hole in the eye socket.

Then he heard a noise that was almost inhuman, like the frantic jabbering of an idiot. It came from just under the god-figure and, moving forward into the great shadow cast by the statue, the Phantom saw a writhing figure that was Jim Reeves. But this human wreck, unconscious of itself and its surroundings, was a parody of the debonair young man who had only lately bid him goodnight. In Reeves' right hand was the emerald, its light flashing through the clutching fingers.



As the Phantom bent closer over the writhing man he heard a sound behind him. It was Professor Rattigan and Pamela; they must have followed him to the temple.

"The emerald!" exclaimed the Professor. "He must have tried to steal it."

He bent down to retrieve the precious stone from the thief's hand.

"Careful, Professor. Don't touch it!" the Phantom pulled him back sharply. "Limited in height and strength by a quirk of nature the little people have, through the generations, perfected many methods of protecting themselves and their property. That emerald is covered in a drug which seeps through the pores of whoever touches the stone. Reeves has been well punished for his folly."

"Will he die?" Pamela asked, looking with horror at the convulsing figure at their feet.

"He will not die," the Phantom assured her. "The drug causes a fever which will pass off in a week or so. But when the fever abates Reeves will not remember anything that has happened to him in the last few months. All memory of the emerald and of his attempt to steal it will have been erased from his mind forever. He will not even remember the existence of this village."

"But will the pygmies be satisfied, or will they seek to punish him further?" asked the Professor.

"They are a peace-loving people now," the Phantom answered. "They only ask to be left alone here with their families and their gods. I think they will accept my assurance that Jim Reeves will trouble them no more."

A few days later, when all the research had been completed, the party departed in peace from the land of the little people, the two men supporting the semi-conscious Jim Reeves between them.

On the edge of the jungle, Phantom and his friends parted company.

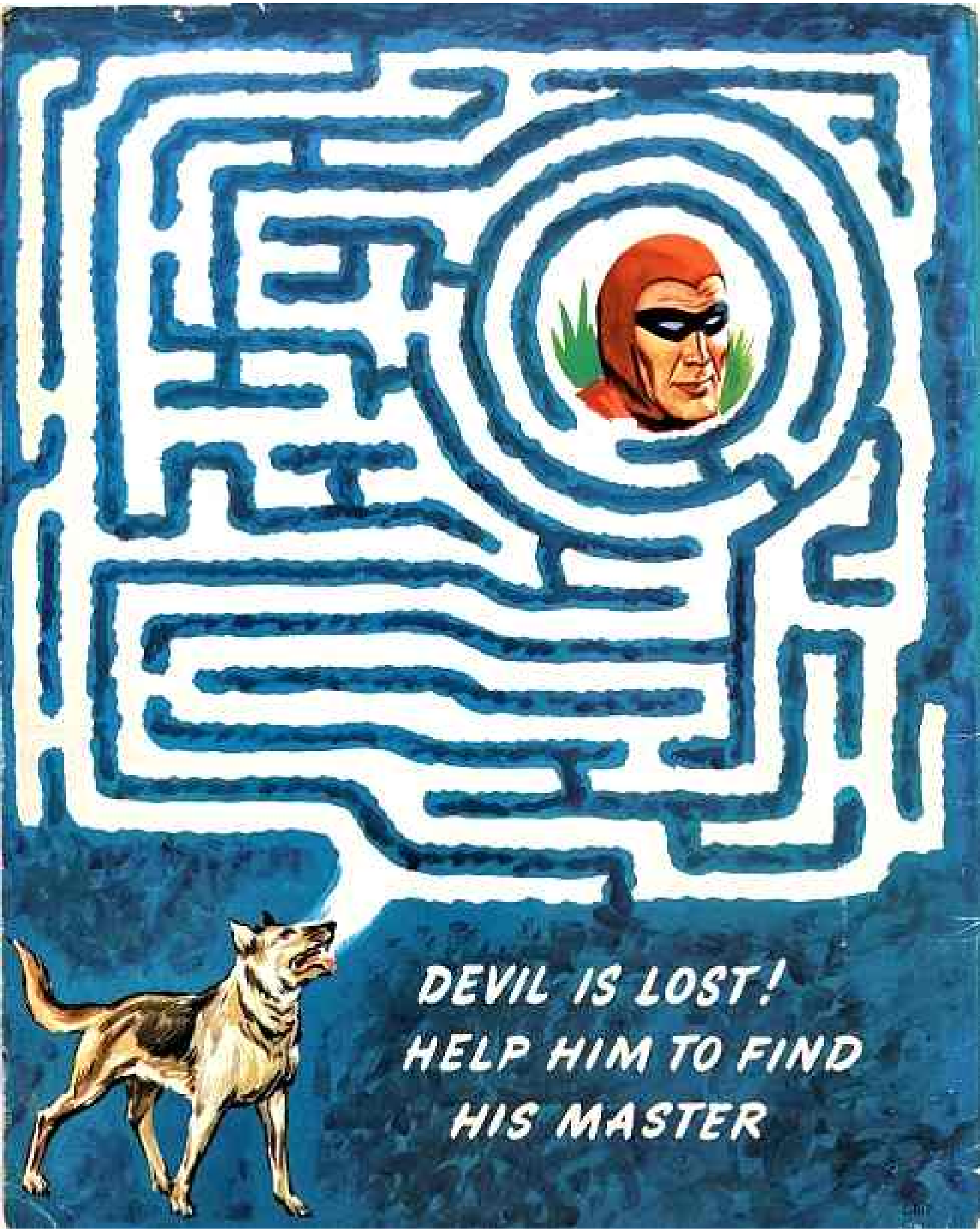
"You have performed a service to humanity which shall not be forgotten," Professor Rattigan told him.

"And don't worry, nobody will ever find out from us the whereabouts of the little people," Pamela assured him.

They watched as the Phantom strode away into the darkness, his tall figure unfamiliar in city clothes, half-carrying a still dazed Jim Reeves.

In the still hours of the night the Phantom entered the city and deposited his human bundle in a hospital waiting room, where Jim Reeves would soon be found and attended to by the staff.

It was daylight as he made his way back through the waking streets. In the accepted garb of raincoat and trilby hat, pulled low over his eyes, he passed unnoticed among the hurrying crowds... just an ordinary man. But to those who knew him – some who feared him and others who loved him – the Phantom was anything but an *ordinary* man!


DEVIL IS LOST!
HELP HIM TO FIND
HIS MASTER